

# THE RATTLE



SHANGHAI:  
KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED, PUBLISHERS,  
11 THE BUND and 12 NANKING ROAD.



# KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED.

*Agents throughout the Far East for*

SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB BELLS.  
THE YOST TYPEWRITER.

SWAN FOUNTAIN PENS.

CAW'S STYLOGRAPHIC PENS.

---

**KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED,**  
*THE BUND, SHANGHAI.*

---

**CHAMPAGNE MONOPOLE**  
**HEIDSIECK & CO., REIMS.**

**RED SEAL (MEDIUM DRY),**

Magnums, Quarts, Pints

**GOLD FOIL (EXTRA DRY),**

Magnums, Quarts, Pints

---

**S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.**

Have just received the following shipments

**NEW MODEL**  
**OVERSTRUNG PIANOS**

BY  
JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS,  
LONDON.

**OVERSTRUNG**  
**UPRIGHT GRANDS**

BY  
M. F. RACHALS & CO.,  
HAMBURG.

GRAND AND COTTAGE PIANOS BY PLEYEL, PARIS.

**S. MOUTRIE & CO., LIMITED,**  
3, NANKING ROAD.





## WIRED FOR EVERYTHING!

SHE.—Don't worry, old man. Take a drink: you'll find it over there in the corner.

[It was E.J.C. Whiskey and Aquarius, and he took it and won by two hoops. Isn't it marvellous?]



# Hatch, Mansfield & Co., Ltd.

## DIRECTORS:

E. F. G. HATCH, Esq., M.P., *Chairman.*  
EARL OF DENBIGH. Hon. A. GROSVENOR.  
LORD LIONEL CECIL. Hon. J. MANSFIELD.  
Hon. F. R. STEWART. C. J. FORBES, Esq.  
Hon. SIDNEY GREVILLE, C.B.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF VINTAGES.

The question of vintages and authenticity is one of the utmost importance, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste. In the case of bad or doubtful vintages, either the grapes never ripened thoroughly, or, owing to mildew, the wines are unsound, and so injurious to health. It is only in good vintage years, when the grapes have obtained perfection and there has been no disease in the vines, that the wine is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is only wines of good vintage that invariably improve by keeping.

The omission to specify any vintage should convey to the purchaser as serious a warning as the specification of a vintage notoriously bad.

Quality depends not so much on the name, however high in repute, as upon the Vintage.

The Public are strenuously warned against Wines of well-known names, but of indifferent years.

## CHAMPAGNE, 1893 VINTAGE.

As the result of a special visit to the Champagne Country in 1896, and of the most careful tasting since that time, we are able to express a very positive opinion that the Vintage of 1893 produced the best Champagne that has been offered, certainly since 1880, probably since 1874. The conditions under which the grapes of this great year ripened and were gathered have never been equalled since the famous year 1865.

## A FEW CLUBS & MESSES SUPPLIED.

### CLUBS.

The Carlton Club, The Naval and Military Club,  
The Junior Carlton Club, The Bath Club,  
The Travellers' Club, The East India United Service Club,  
and others.

The Wines and Spirits are in every instance identically the same as supplied by us to London Clubs and leading customers in England, and are merely a small selection from our stocks.

### A LIST (Published by Permission) of a few amongst those from whom HATCH & CO. have had the honour of receiving Orders.

Her Majesty the Queen.  
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.  
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.  
H.R.H. The Duke of York, K.G.  
H.S.H. The Duke of Teck.  
H.H. Aga Khan (Bombay).  
His Excellency Count Deym.  
Duke of Norfolk, K.G.  
Marquess of Camden.  
Marquess of Breadalbane, K.G.  
Marquess of Abergavenny, K.G.  
Marquess of Ely.  
Earl of Galloway, K.T.  
Earl of Dysart.  
Earl of Drogheda.

Earl of Aberdeen.  
Earl of Albemarle.  
Earl of Rosebery, K.G.  
Earl of Dartmouth.  
Earl De la Warr.  
Earl Spencer, K.G.  
Earl of Radnor.  
Earl of Desart.  
Earl of Romney.  
Earl of Powis.  
Earl of Orford.  
Earl Grey.  
Earl of Gosford, K.P.  
Earl of Minto.  
Viscount Llandaff.  
Viscount Knutsford.

Viscount Marham.  
Viscount Curzon, M.P.  
Viscount Cranbourne, M.P.  
Lord Medway.  
Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K.C.B.  
Lord Henry Nevill.  
Lord Robert Cecil.  
Lord Teynham.  
Lord Rayleigh.  
Lord de Saumarez.  
Lord Napier and Ettrick.  
Lord Elibank.  
Lord Muncaster.  
Lord Kenyon.  
Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Lord Sandhurst.  
Lord Cottesloe.  
Lord Tweedmouth.  
Lord Reay, G.C.S.I.  
Lord Wantage, V.C.  
Lord Hamilton of Dalzell.  
Lord Hillingdon.  
Lord Tennyson (Governor of South Australia).  
Lord Brassey (Governor of Victoria).  
Lord de Ramsey.  
Lord Mount Stephen.  
Lord Newton.  
Lord Amherst of Hackney.  
Lord Rendel.

### AGENTS IN CHINA:

## ILBERT & CO.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, JULY 1901

[No. 5

## EDITORIAL.

IT'S raining. What? It's raining! What did you say? I said "It's raining." No! All right, you say it isn't and I say it is. But do you mean to say it's really raining? I shan't repeat it. But it's absurd, you know; it can't be raining again. Have it your own way. But, my dear chap, it's impossible. Very likely. Raining again after all these weeks—but it's monstrous—it can't be. It's the most ludicrous thing I ever heard—I won't believe it; by Jove, but it is raining!

And so it was, and so it is, and yet the RATTLE is coming out all the same. How it has been brought out nobody exactly knows. Of course the printer had something to do with it. But who furnished the printer with copy, that remains a mystery. Certainly the Editors had no hand in the matter and decline responsibility. They have been so deeply depressed by the atrocious treatment of Chinese by foreigners, by the news that the Germans were going to close the Whangpoo in the interests of the trade of Tsintan, by the prolonged absence at Peking of the Chairman of the Council and by the departure of Mr. Cornelius Thorne that they have felt unequal to the task of writing anything at all except a statement and demonstration of their inability to write. In fact they are not sure that they would have dared to publish but for the fact that the Chairman of the Council has returned. It has also been brought to their knowledge that the German Consuls at Hongkong, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Suez and Port Said have been given the temporary rank of Baron, to enable them to receive and entertain the penitent on his progress to Germany. This rank is to be neither negotiable nor hereditary and will cease at each place half-an-hour after the mail closes. This is a very good idea and will tend to make it plain that German commerce is paramount throughout the East. At least they will have a pull over Sir Blake and the others who pretend to maintain the effete tradition of British ownership of German coaling-stations. The publication of this recent intelligence is in itself some excuse for coming before the Community.

## EN PASSANT.

Whether is it better to live in a world en passant or to suffer the thwart and carp and bully of permanent officialdom? We cannot tell, nor, save for the pleasure of musing on things as they are or might be, would it be much use if we could. Little does this Happy Land know of the latter state, for only see how they run—princes of the blood and merchant princes, consul generals and major generals, attachés and travellers, commercial and otherwise, midshipmen, monied men and postmen, all rush in, half learn their duties, and scuttle out, here for a season then elsewhere, till the Hong List is out of date before the proof-readers have finished with it.

Suddenly comes the announcement under letters patent, though for reasons less patent, Mr. Z. has been appointed *for a term of five years* to hold the office of High Bailie of the Burgh.

Heed we the signs of the times. Let us speculate on the inner meaning of this strange and portentous step. Is there between the lines "Hope not for the reversion of the governorship of Hongkong" or "The pleasures of patronage pall, of the filling of billets is there no end, let this suffice for half a decade?" Or is there a latent determination to sow the seeds of something consistent and less like a merry-go-round than has been known since Balfour discovered Shanghai.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young men, beware, and mark with care  
What sad experience teaches  
Of riding free-wheel bicycles  
In leggings and in breeches.

Free wheel?—Free woe! You never know  
What good or ill is fated,  
And unsuspected dangers lurk  
In being "nickel-plated."



Nothing daunted by the frigid off-the-grass silence maintained by the Nine, despite the stiff and proud attitude of the Fourteen, we at once despatched an envoy to bid Prince Chun, from the RATTLE, a hearty welcome to our muddy shores. "Tis poor cheer," he observed, on reaching the presence, (there was a hitch about getting in, but the Traffic Inspector made it alright with the sentries) "that the premier treaty port is putting up for the brother of the Lord of its Soil, poor indeed! One meagre tiffin, and that in Hongkew, a good enough meal perhaps and foreshadowing the sausages of Potsdam, but hardly worthy of your Highness."

Prince Chun was understood to observe that hitherto his rice-bowl had differed little from that of the great mass of his countrymen, and that Aunt Tsü disapproved even of the introduction of marmalade at tea.

He of the RATTLE expressed the hope that at the succeeding stopping-places His Highness would have a better time. Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, he felt sure, would all do their best to shew that foreigners' hospitality is no mere figure of speech. A hunted look passed over the features of the Manchu at the mention of these ports of call. He desired to know which of them were Prussian and which Bavarian. The expletives garnishing the reply puzzled the interpreter, and some of the furniture was saved. Our man's copy arrived in the chit-book of the Carter Road Station, where we believe he still is.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not know votre nom, my old,  
I spik not good votre tongue,  
But if you're not one soldier bold  
I think I shall be hung.

You are one man, I am one man,  
And you and I are two,  
The provost marshal's guard we ran  
Together—moi et vous.

But now my glorious task is done  
And I must part away,  
I seem to be Napoleon  
And this the "Grande armée."

\* \* \* \* \*

Spiffins is furious. He declares that nothing can excuse the flagrant discourtesy of the Woosung Railway Manager in entirely ignoring the RATTLE staff when arranging his journalistic beanfeast down the line. "Do you remember," said he, "the jolly rumpus there was when a few scratch reporters got left over their Race tiffin? And are we, the aristocracy of the Press, to be calmly left out while a gang of newspaper men glut their professional maws, and spread their typeridden carcasses over Foolee's newest upholstery?" "No," he thundered, brandishing a ruler and half

swallowing the stump of a Reina Victoria, "it's too thick." What he referred to didn't seem quite clear, and when a mild interrogation was put to him on the subject, it only appeared to render him more dangerous. "Did he think we'd poke fun at his shoddy lincrusta or jeer at the rattle of his jerry built trucks? Am I to understand that the insult was deliberate or———" We shut the door stealthily and sent a message to say that her husband would probably be a little late.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was kind to the lot, there were just seventeen,  
To the tall and the short, to the stout and the lean,  
So that none were astonished when later in life,  
Being fifty years older, he married a wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* [May 27, 1901] tells us that as M. and Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau were returning in a motor car from a river and sea excursion a man threw a tomato at the Prime Minister and missed him. When he was arrested nationalist pamphlets were found on him but no weapons. He told the police officers that he had no intention of killing the minister and that he had not been prompted by anyone. He denied being a Royalist and added that had his father been living he would not have committed the act. While admitting premeditation, he evidently did not wish to expose himself to a charge of assault with intent to murder. Such things happen in the twentieth century, and we must expect to find a parallel to this ghastly incident even in our own peaceful community. For example:—

"As the Chairman of the Garbage Committee of the Municipal Council was returning yesterday in his private carriage drawn by a hired horse (of recent importation) from a drive in the neighbourhood of the Bubbling Well, a man picked up a Shantung cabbage from a stall in the Maloo, no doubt with the intention of throwing it at our worthy fellow-resident. We trust that had the missile been discharged it would have missed its mark. The ruffian was immediately arrested. He admitted to the police that both his parents were dead, and that he had no desire to be charged with bigamy. He denied that he was Prince Tuan or that anyone had instigated his vile action. A ticket of the Kiangnan lottery was found on his person, also a copy of the *Hupao*. He declares with brazen cynicism that he had bought the cabbage for his dinner and was unaware of the presence of the Chairman when he picked it up. The police are very reticent, but we understand that they are investigating the matter, which though not in itself of any gravity must be regarded as a disquieting symptom."

Is it, we ask, quite wise to hold high Municipal office in view of such possibilities?





"We are entitled to have walers or donkeys or emus or anything else."

[Extract from speech of Mr. J. S. Fearon at the Race Club meeting, 23rd May 1901.]

Bravo Jim! Spoken like a man and a sportsman! The Editors of the "RATTLE" are prepared to back their old office moke against any emu you can put up—weight for inches—winners at any previous meeting 7 lbs. extra.

## TO ORDER.

Sweet month so cool, so calm, so bright—

You were not bright (or calm) I know,  
But since my duty is to write  
I make you so.

Sweet voice, whose tone angry and brave  
Scares rich and poor and high and low,  
You are not sweet, but though you rave  
I make you so.

Sweet spot, where sheltered from the press pass  
Sweet gentlewomen to and fro—  
Sweet, for although abetting trespass  
I make them so.

Only a nut that's hard and tough  
Like seasoned timber gives not in,  
And must, when others cry "Enough!"  
Again begin.



THE PROVOST MARSHAL.

## MEMORIES.

It was a memory competition—a new game about as cheerful as the Spelling Bee in which a previous generation delighted. It is played like this: everyone mentions the most interesting thing that he can remember and the prize goes by favour. The first man said "I remember the early forties"; the second said "I remember the month of July last year"; the third said "I remember me native land though some of ye seem to forget it"; the fourth said "I remember a very curious thing, 700 men busy about matters that they did not understand when they might as well have been otherwise engaged; I did not see this myself."

The fifth said "I remember several things that I have to say and I can't always remember how to say them, but you will of course excuse me." The sixth said "Whatever I may forget I always remember who I am." The seventh said "I forget for the moment my official position, but I remember the interests of my country." The eighth said "I speak so late that I need not trouble to remember anything"; and the ninth said "I am so full of reminiscences that I should be afraid of wearying you if I give them all." He gave them about ten, and though he started last he won the prize for heavy weights.



## THREE TRIOLETS.

## I

Guy was married yesterday,  
Once he might have married me !  
For his happiness I pray,  
Guy was married yesterday !  
Sad the singer, sad the lay,  
Must they ever henceforth be.  
Guy was married yesterday,  
Once he might have married me !

## II

Will he remember, I wonder,  
The vows that he long ago made ?  
Before we drifted asunder,  
Will he remember, I wonder ?  
Love blind, oft maketh a blunder,  
And *my* love was never repaid.  
Will he remember, I wonder,  
The vows that he long ago made ?

## III

I cannot sing a blither lay,  
Upon my soul I know not why !  
Is it because the skies are grey  
I cannot sing a blither lay ?  
My muse, I'll bid thee wing thy way,  
If all thou bringst is but a sigh,  
I cannot sing a blither lay,  
Upon my soul I know not why !

G. H. V. L.

A FEW HINTS ON THE GAME  
OF POLO.

By D. KNOWALL, Esq.

*Hint I.*—Shanghai is *par excellence* the home of polo. Some people say that polo is played in England, India and elsewhere. Even if this statement be true, there is no doubt that the game, as played

elsewhere, must be a very inferior article to the Shanghai game.

*Hint II.*—To play polo it is necessary to get a pony of sorts, under 17 hands if possible. It is not necessary that the pony should have four sound legs, or any sound legs for that matter ; but, in the case of the Chinese specimen, it is a *sine quâ non* that the animal should have a mouth like a railway engine. In the case of other varieties of the pony, it is equally necessary that the quadruped should have some pronounced form of virtue, such as kicking, bucking, biting, rearing, or anything equally desirable. A really good polo pony should combine all these good qualities.

*Hint III.*—Having borrowed or stolen a polo pony ! as near perfection as possible, and never having had a polo stick in your hand before, put your name down for the next chukka and proceed to raise the tone of it at once.

*Hint IV.*—After successfully mounting your gallant steed, get to the ball at once. It doesn't matter if there is anyone in the way, either of your own or the opposite side. Ride over them or through them. Anyway, get to the ball.

*Hint V.*—Having got to the ball, pull up and stop there. There may be some rude men galloping down on the ball who wish you to get out of the way. Take no notice of them. Very probably they do not like collisions and so will get out of your way. Anyway, it is exceedingly inconsiderate of them to think that you should be the one to get out of the way.

*Hint VI.*—Being on the ball hit it, or try to. It doesn't matter in which direction you hit it, nor does it matter very much if you don't hit it at all, so long as you stay there, for then you can try again. If you can hit the ball in the direction of your own goal—Good. Do so. Only the very best players can do this. Besides, it adds a little variety and excitement to what might be otherwise a dull and uninteresting game.

*Hint VII.*—Never hit backhanders. If you do you will probably lose the ball, perhaps to some nasty selfish player of your own side. It is much better to try and take it round. You may possibly hit it in the direction of your own goal or from one side of the ground to the other. No matter. You will still keep possession of the ball.

*Hint VIII.*—When you get near the boards ride all you know. This is an excellent principle, for there are no end of very pleasant surprises which can arise therefrom. You may send some one else spinning over the boards, which is the best of fun, or you may ride over a few spectators or a garden seat or the pavilion. You never know your luck.

*Hint IX.*—Having put into practice the above hints, order your coffin and stand drinks all round.





EDWARD THE GREAT.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH MAJOR BOOTLACE OF THE S.V.C.

---

"Pray take a seat," said the gallant Major as I was ushered into his pretty drawing room. I found myself in the presence of a short smart little man with reddish hair, a full moustache and keen bright eye which sparkled with pleasure at the prospect of an interview.

"So you want my opinion of the S.V.C.?" he began, tapping his riding boot with a military cane, "but, mind you, I don't mince matters. If my views on a certain subject are sought, I don't hesitate, I give them.

"Very well; I can then tell you straight away that as a fighting body I would class commissioned and non-commissioned officers, rank and file with my house coolie, though I do not doubt they would be useful as sentries in front of the Shanghai Club. As to how to improve them? Well, in the first place I don't want recruits. I would rather have two veteran volunteers to defend the Settlement than 5,000 recruits. Yes, I admit it is rather a startling statement, but there is nothing like straight speaking and originality; it causes a sensation and becomes more noticed. It doesn't so much matter if the remark is incorrect or if you don't really believe in it yourself. The great thing is to say something fresh and original which everyone may talk about and thoroughly digest, however bitter a pill it may be—it pays in the long run and is an easy means to notoriety—that sure road to success in my profession.

"No, I find no fault with my men because they cannot handle a rifle or obey the order 'Keep still,' but what can you expect of soldiers who don't use polish on their pouches?

"Secondly, I want the Municipal Council to insist on 'taipans' making the service of their employes in the Volunteers compulsory. No, you are quite wrong when you say the *voluntary* aspect of the concern is thereby eliminated. That is quite a delusion. The voluntary idea is the wishing to be of use to the C. O. of that district or community which you are defending.

"As to the means to be employed to carry out that wish—that is a matter for the C. O. I have been trying to drum this into the heads of the Municipal Council for the past five years but with no success at present.

"Not a bit—a pleasure, I assure you. I am an early riser, generally feed the cats at 6 a.m. and take

a constitutional to the orderly room at 6.35—the only exercise I get during the day. Breakfast is a large meal with me and I invariably take goat's milk with my porridge. After a cheroot I interview the Sergeant-Major, sign orders for buttons and shoulder-straps, and try on new uniforms. My tailor is in constant attendance for that purpose and has his meals in the kitchen. A Councillor or two always call at 10 to receive the orders for the day, and the Adjutant brings round the Company Orders in draft for my approval and correction. At 12 I have a cup of arrowroot and a biscuit as stimulants to my digestion, which has been considerably impaired ever since the Wheelbarrow Riots and requires constant attention.

"The Captain Superintendent of Police calls at 12.40 on the off chance of my being not too busy to see him. I swallow my tiffin at 1 if I have time for it and drive to the Gaol to make my diurnal inspection. At 3.10 I return and have 25 minutes chat with my wife. From then to 5.30 I reserve for private study of the Red Book, the new edition of Hamley and other military works. I am occupied also in writing an exhaustive treatise on the Defence of Shanghai last summer.

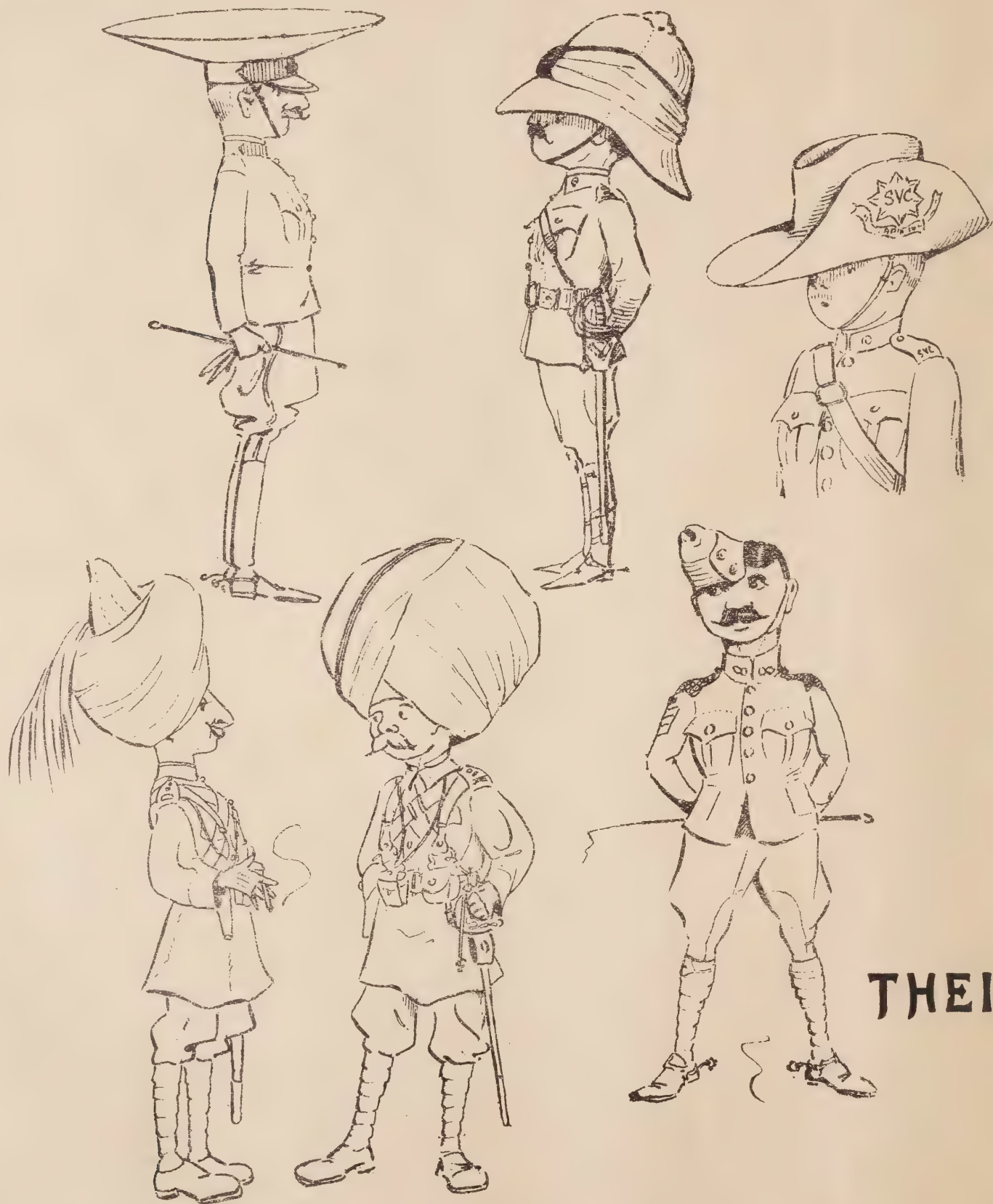
"The Municipal Council have kindly consented to defray out of the Municipal funds the expenses of an oleograph portrait of myself in S.V.C. uniform as a frontispiece. If there are no parades, drills or official calls, I manage to get ahead of a little correspondence with Mr. Brodrick, or despatches to the Foreign Office, containing my opinions on the situation in China. I always write my letters in my kimono, with a wet towel round my head, while my boy stands behind with a bottle of sarsaparilla and meat lozenges. My dinner is disposed of in my uniform, and I interview section commanders and others who may want my advice while I am eating.

"Three Sikhs call at 8.30 to polish the brasswork on my tunics. I make it a strict rule that this duty is carried out in my presence. I am generally too tired to remain up longer than 9.30 and sleep with my sword under my pillow."

"But I suppose, Major B., that since the Indian regiments have been in Shanghai your arduous duties have become somewhat relaxed?"

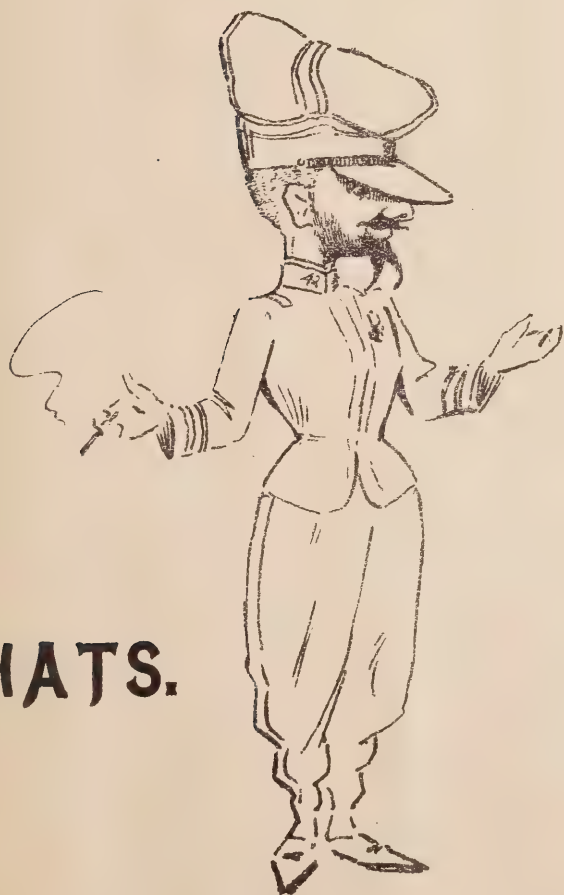
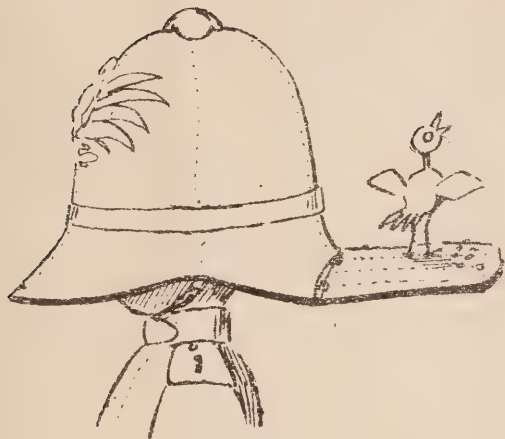
"Don't labour under that mistake for a moment. It's quite a delusion. The Commanding Officers have no idea of their duties at all and invariably seek my advice in every step they take. In case of trouble in Shanghai they have hinted to me that the whole brigade will be put under my command. It will be a graceful act of theirs which will have my undivided appreciation, and will show a very tactful recognition on the part of the General of my recent services."





THEI





HATS.

H.



## Jasmine's Receipt.

The mountain summits clear and blue  
As porcelain of Kintechun  
Peep through the feathery bamboo ;  
Adown the slopes, born of the dew,  
Bright streamlets run.

Jasmine the flower fills all the air,  
Jasmine the girl holds all my heart,  
She wears her namesake in her hair—  
(But lass with blossom to compare  
Were want of art).

She walks with tiny, falt'ring feet  
That mock the gait of infancy,  
Yet nothing needs she to complete  
Her grace, and all her steps are sweet  
That lead to me.

When in yon gay kiosk we sup  
At eve, she laughing bids me tell  
How many fingers she holds up—  
Ah, many is the forfeit-cup  
Of dainty shell !

And as the mellow liquor steams  
Her plaintive voice and lute are heard,  
The air a bird's impromptu seems  
And conjures evanescent dreams  
Of joy deferr'd.

Then oft I bid the damsel hush,  
And quickly to mine ink-stone turning  
I strive to form with pencil-brush  
Some lines that may translate the thrush  
For human learning.

O song that breathes of summer skies,  
With impulse of perfection fluent,  
Stay, till thy secret I apprise,  
Nor ever from the weary wise  
Remain a truant !

Vain task ! But Jasmine says : " I sing  
Thus, for I love thee with no lore,  
Do thou, my learned poet, bring  
Less of the unessential thing,  
Of passion more ! "





After we're married I shall chuck boxing, of course.

Never! A husband with a closed eye will have its uses.



## LOOT FROM A MAIDEN'S BOWER.

DARLINGEST DAISY,

Such an age since I heard from you. Of course you saw all about the wedding in the "Queen." That part beginning—"the bride looked perfectly lovely"—was quite jolly, was it not? Bob and I are *so* happy—at least he is—but, looking back, I have much to regret, and, of course, one misses the dear old homestead, but it is silly to raise old memories, and old unpaid bills and things. Bob is so anxious to get back to Shanghai, but I have such heaps of good-bye visits to make that we spent our honeymoon in that way. Bob didn't like it a bit. Aunt Tooting would ask him about the East, and if there were any good churches, and whether decent clothes were not very expensive, etc. etc. Bob told her there is a Cathedral, and that decency of dress is not aimed at so much as picturesque effect in Shanghai. Of course he meant it for a joke, but with Aunt T. first impressions are more than everything, so now she will always picture me pirouetting in those divided muslin things.

Oh! Daisy, I don't know how I have deserved such unhappiness. Bob is most kind, but we don't drink the same things and he won't argue any point except his food. The other night that bolster of a Connie offered to play his accompaniment—you know he fiddles—and I said I was quite capable and he always preferred my playing. Would you believe it, he said I looked tired and let it play for him. Of course she has got some beastly diploma, and I told him, afterwards, that no amount of accuracy of touch makes up for want of soul. He said he had read the passage in a Mudie's Book that morning. Daisy, are all husbands brute beasts? Of course we are immensely fond of ourselves, don't think I am not quite, *quite* happy. I am looking forward to coming out. Is everyone wondering what I am like? That last photo of my left ear and elbow was a horrid libel. I have had some beautiful things said about me, but of *course* I don't believe a *word*. Daisy darling, we must be *great* friends. I hear you are a little queen in Shanghai. We will both be queens I think. We shall not clash, our styles are *so* different; I *won't* play hockey. Yes, I shall. I will be captain and loaf about offside, and then I shan't come uncurled. Have you got Ping-Pong yet. It's table tennis, and you needn't run in any sense of the word. I have a lot of lovely teagies and a teeny tweet bathing frock, which the married men ought to put up champagne to see. Such a pity the other poor boys can't too. Now, Daisy, mind you don't tell everyone the date we arrive, (July 30th) and don't let them come and welcome me on the boat with flowers and things. I hate a fuss being made about me. And if you let the Editor of that horrid little "RATTLE" have this for "copy" I shall *never* let you have a rag to make a pattern of. I am counting the meals till I see you, Darling.

Ever your best pal,

DORA DADDYLONG.



MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.

## VILLANELLE.



There isn't time to stop and think,  
A hurried scrawl to catch the mail  
And then I'm ready for a drink.

For nights I've hardly slept a wink;  
She knows I'll write, I never fail,  
There isn't time to stop and think.

It's not a dearth of pens and ink,  
Or hankering for cakes and ale,  
By Jove! I'm ready for a drink.

A decade in the Model Sink  
Befits one for the County Gaol  
To give one time to stop and think.

Her cheek is blue, her eyes are pink,  
Complexion tall and stature pale,—  
'Tis clear I'm ready for a drink.

What is a letter but a link,  
A boast, a lie, a vaunt, a wail?  
There isn't time to stop and think,  
I'm ready for another drink.

## LAW REPORT.

[By our own conscientious reporter.]

## THE MIXED COURT.

Shanghai, 22nd May.

(Before Mr. YANG, Magistrate, and Dr. SLASHEM,  
Brazilian Assessor.)

AH PING FAT, a coolie having no fixed occupation or abode, was charged by the S. S. P. C. A. with having skinned a cat alive. Mr. Fogg appeared for

the prosecution and Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law Buzfuz, O.C., defended.

Evidence of the offence having been given, Mr. Buzfuz stated that he had been in practice in Kamskatka and Shanghai altogether for over 19 years and he had never in all his experience known a case that had been more shamelessly brought against an innocent man. [By this remark the Magistrate seemed much impressed.] His client was a native ever actuated by the highest principles of honor; that he, Counsel, had nine witnesses (male and female) outside who would testify to his client's respectability, antecedents, and universal kindness to animals, and that they believed him incapable of the charge brought against him; that he, Counsel, could not understand how a respectable firm of lawyers like Messrs. Dodson & Fogg had dreamt of taking up the case, especially as the prisoner had done *them* personally no harm. [Mr. Fogg here instantly rose and objected, and a violent altercation between opposing Counsel and the bench and police lasted some time, everyone talking at once. At last, order being partially restored, Mr. B. continued.] His client had recently lost his grandmother, which may have weighed on his mind and made him irresponsible for his actions; that the Police had a personal grudge against him, and, as his appearance and noble bearing amply showed, he was as clean and honest a man as Counsel or his Honor the magistrate [which remark being interpreted, bows and compliments were exchanged between Counsel and the bench]; that he defied any man in Court, in Shanghai, or, yes, the whole of China to allege that he, Counsel, had received, or was about to receive, a single cash for defending the case; that he was there simply to see that justice was done.

The Assessor softly interposing:—"Pardon me for interrupting Mr. Buzfuz, but have you any contradictory evidence to adduce?"

[Much interruption here from the wailing of the mother and three aunts of the prisoner, who were forcibly removed.]

Mr. B.:—"I don't want any evidence. My case, "I reckon, stands on it's own bottom so securely "that I scorn evidence." [Much tittering among the foreign constables.] "What is a cat? I say, deny it "before the Court that cats like to be stroked, and "the harder you stroke them the better they like it. "I say again, what is the difference between stroking "a cat hard and skinning it? Why, absolutely none. "I'll guarantee to skin any man in Court, and he "won't feel anything more than a pin-prick. Besides, "what did the cat do after it was skinned? Why the "prosecution has admitted that it walked away, which "shewed it was grateful: probably in anticipation of "the hot weather. Again, I ask, where is the skin? "[A pause] I repeat, where is the skin? Why hasn't "it been produced? I am an officer of the Court and "I want justice." The Magistrate was understood to remark that he wanted his tiffin, but Counsel said *he* personally wouldn't touch a crust of bread till he had cleared his client from a foul and cruel charge. He asked for an adjournment. Case adjourned.

[*Vox et præterea nihil.*—Eds.]



## TALE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THERE was trouble in the wind. In the first place, reports of a great battle being imminent between the French and the Chinese at Hwai-luh were officially contradicted by the French Minister. In the second place, I had met a missionary in Legation Street who had it from a canteen keeper that a French expedition had left Paotingfu under sealed orders. Moreover, the doughty and aristocratic von Spindel-Biedelstein had disappeared mysteriously from his accustomed place at the bar of the International Club, and battle or no battle it was not fitting that the correspondent of a great London daily should be outstripped by a German rival. But how to overtake him? There was the railway to be sure; but no self-respecting correspondent travels by rail, besides I was in a hurry.

A brilliant idea occurred to me just at the right moment. First, buying a horse and saddle—we have long dispensed with such things in this campaign—I looked in upon my old friend Li Hung-chang and obtained his written authority to commandeer horses and mules anywhere outside his own jurisdiction; I then appealed to the I.G. for a guide, but found him too much engrossed in his forty-ninth article for the *Strand Magazine* on the advantages of Chinese civilization over its Western counterpart to afford me assistance; so after despatching one last telegram—lest I should never return alive—upon the ineptitude of our Generals and the pusillanimity of the British Minister, and donning the uniform of an English officer, with a book of Chinese phrases at my belt, I rode forth into the dust-storm of a Chili evening.

Paotingfu is distant from Peking a hundred miles or three hundred kilometres or a thousand and forty-two *li* according to your nationality or powers of imagination or the gait of your horse. Anyhow, if you are inclined to ride it at a stretch on a series of commandeered ponies, take my advice and go by train.

I reached Paotingfu as if in a dream—one solid mass of abrasions. From that time onward I chose as a means of conveyance the comfortless but less contusive cart.

Learning here that the French General refused further passage to correspondents and also that Spindel-Biedelstein had been dining at head-quarters, I at once smelt knavery, and remarking in my best Parisian “*À-bas le Général, et conspuez Spindel-Knejelstein,*” I determined now more than ever to reach Hwai-luh before the latter. From village to village I sped at lightning speed, or at such speed as can be extracted out of a Chinese cart on a loess road. Careless of Zouaves or Chasseurs who might essay to stop me, I brushed aside the roving bands of Chinese guerillas that infest the country. Knocking at Yamên doors, I flourished Li Hung-chang's signature in the faces of sleepy mandarins. If they did not instantly produce

horses and carts, I gave them a friendly twist of the pig-tail and opened upon them a withering fire of Chinese epithets culled from my phrase book. [N.B.—This is an excellent plan in dealing with mandarins, always provided you are in a district under the control of foreign troops.]

Ting-jo, Sinlo and Chengtingfu flashed by me like stations on the Underground, and in spite of French Generals and German correspondents I was in Hwai-luh on the morning of the second day.

Here I halted a few hours to converse with the Chinese official, by whom I sent a long message to the Governor of Shansi, and seeing from the determined looks of the Chinese banners which were posted across the road a few miles ahead that it was useless to carry a journey too far, I took advantage of one of the worst dust-storms of recent years to elude the vigilance of the French outposts, to retrace my steps unnoticed to Paotingfu. The following evening, when within a stage of Peking, I was arrested by a French soldier who had the impertinence to suggest that I was “lifting” horses and cattle by means of a forged order from Li Hung-chang. His rifle was loaded and pointed in my direction, but fortunately while I was explaining matters in my Parisian accent, which was naturally unintelligible to the Pion-pion, and was inwardly expecting every moment to be my next, a German officer came on the scene, to whom with perfect aplomb I addressed a few such current phrases as “*Wie gets*” and “*Auf Wiedersehn*”; and he, flattered at my knowledge of his barbarous tongue, explained to the French soldier that I was an English officer, and obviously, like the rest of my kind, a little mad. Whereat the Frenchman reluctantly lowered his rifle and I was able to proceed on my way with my loot—I mean my ponies. You now see with what foresight I had donned my uniform.

Peking was reached next afternoon; four hundred miles or twelve thousand *li* in four days and four nights. Magnificent achievement, surpassing the famous ride of Archibald Forbes and incidentally leaving Spindel-Biedelstein hopelessly in the rear. But about the Fight? I had forgotten. There was no fight, of course. The French never fight, do they? Naturally I knew that before I started. But what a splendid chapter for my forthcoming volume on the Operations in China!

There was a theatrical colonel,

Whose appearance was almost patolonel,

But, in spite of his age,

When he went on the stage

No stripling from Sandhurst so volonel.

## *A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.*



### **No. IV.—*The Chaa-szee.***

*Lo, chicks, the ve-ry last Chaa-szee,  
A race that throve by sip-ping Tea!  
(Gos-sip-ping Tea I do not mean  
Like Ma-ma and Aunt Jo-seph-ine,  
But on the harm-less or-al plan  
Of the Li-cen-tiate Wash-er-man).  
Chaa-szees at Toi-let did not waste*

*Time; their af-fairs were all of Taste,  
But de-cen-cy they did not shirk  
So wore py-ja-mas at their work.  
Where are they now? "Twixt Cup and Lip,"  
The Pro-verb saith, "there's ma-ny a slip,"  
And, save this spe-ci-men, they've gone  
To glo-ry, As-sam or Cey-lon.*





CHINA.—“Run away and squabble somewhere else.”

THE POWERS.—“We won't go till we are paid.”

**N.B.**

I like to see my name stuck up within the German  
tent,  
Or on a Registered Receipt, for something somebody  
has sent,  
But there's a spot I know, on which these places  
aren't a patch.  
I want to find my name with theirs who get their  
wines from Hatch.

The Editors of the “RATTLE” invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



OUR NOBLE SELVES!

**A. R. BURKILL & SONS,**

SOLE AGENTS FOR

**MESSRS. RAYDEN & REID,**

*WINE MERCHANTS.*

**CHOICEST WINES ONLY KEPT IN STOCK.**



# SHANGHAI GAS CO., LTD.

SOLE AGENTS IN SHANGHAI

FOR

## THE VOELKER INCANDESCENT MANTLE, LTD.

---

The most effective and economical method of artificial lighting is by means of Incandescent Gas Light.

---

1000 Candle Power for one hour costs 10 cents.

---

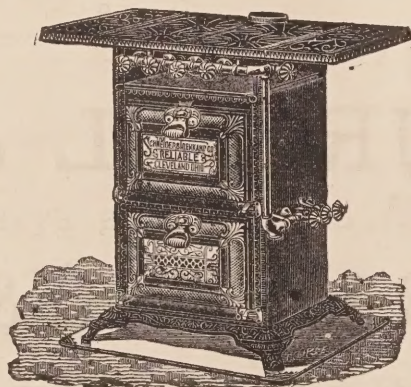
COAL GAS is a perfect fuel for Cooking and Heating.

---

The Company have in stock a large supply of

“RELIABLE”

COOKING STOVES,  
HEATING STOVES,  
ETC.



WAFFLE IRONS,  
SECTIONAL PANS,  
TOASTERS, GRILLERS,  
BOILING RINGS,  
ETC.

SHOW ROOM:

24, NANKING ROAD.



## EVAN'S PALE ALE & BROWN STOUT.

ESTABLISHED 1786.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.  
SELLS ON ITS MERITS.  
TRY IT.

**DUNNING & CO.,**  
SOLE AGENTS.

## TENNIS \* \* \*

A BIG SHIPMENT  
JUST ARRIVED.

The great increase in the demand for Tennis Material has produced a scarcity in the supply, which of late has caused players dire disappointment.

We are now in a position to supply any of

**AYRE'S OR SLAZENGER'S**

RACQUETS and BALLS in all weights.  
5% discount for Cash.

**HALL & HOLTZ, LIMITED,**  
The Universal Providers of the Far East,  
SHANGHAI.

## LLEWELLYN & CO., LTD.

### BALSAMIC COUGH LINCTUS.

Composed of Medicines of tried value in all cases of Cough, Bronchial Affections and Difficulty of Breathing.

\$1.00 per bottle.

### L. T. K. HAIR WASH.

A wash and dressing combined. Effectually eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair and promotes the growth.

\$1, \$2 & \$3 per bottle.

### CALLICURA

The best CURE FOR CORNS, is not a caustic but a true solvent of the decayed cuticle. Application painless.

50 cts. per bottle.

Depôt for

**EAU DE COLOGNE,**  
**GENUINE & 4711,**  
**RHINE VIOLETS,**  
all leading **PERFUMES,**  
**TOILET SOAPS,**  
**MANICURE ACCESSORIES**  
AND  
**TOILET REQUISITES.**

**THE MEDICAL HALL,**  
4, NANKING ROAD,  
**SHANGHAI.**

THE ACME OF EGYPTIAN PRODUCTION.  
**NESTOR**  
**GIANACLIS**  
**CIGARETTES.**

**IRVINE, EDBLAD & Co.,**

*Sole Agents for*

**CHINA, JAPAN and HONGKONG.**

**THE AMERICAN CIGARETTE CO., LTD.,**  
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Manufacturers of High Grade Cigarettes.

No adhesive material employed to stick the paper together, and only the finest leaf tobaccos used.

Try the CLUB or SPECIAL QUALITY, and you will like them.

**THE FOREIGN EMPORIUM,**

C832, Honan Road.

Local Selling Agents.

**SWEETMEAT CASTLE, RESTAURANT.**  
36, NANKING ROAD.

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED with  
**BUTTER IN TINS**  
TRY Insigny New Season  
**BUTTER IN BOTTLE.**  
**WE HAVE IT.**

We have also

Gruyère, Roquefort, Gorgonzola, Brie,  
Savoie, Camembert and Cream Cheeses.

SHANGHAI \* \* \* \*  
PEOPLE \* \* \*  
PREFER \* \*

**RAINIER BEER**

BECAUSE OF ITS  
PURITY,  
WHOLESOMENESS  
AND  
GOOD FLAVOUR.

**DALLAS & Co.,**  
*Agents.*





# THE LAST CHUKKA

being now over and both rider and pony thoroughly baked, our ever faithful domestic comes to the rescue with a bottle of cold Aquarius, the most refreshing drink in the world and the best, being made from pure distilled water.

THE AQUARIUS COMPANY,—General Managers, CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO.